



Thing That Happen



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Chapter 1 by Nini Reyes

William Jones was thinking about Simon Giantbulb again. Simon was a callous doctor with ginger elbows and wobbly thighs.

William walked over to the window and reflected on his sleepy surroundings. He had always loved deserted Manchester with its curved, cold canyons. It was a place that encouraged his tendency to feel delighted.

Then he saw something in the distance, or rather someone. It was the a callous figure of Simon Giantbulb.

William gulped. He glanced at his own reflection. He was a considerate, helpful, whiskey drinker with solid elbows and skinny thighs. His friends saw him as an aggressive, annoyed angel. Once, he had even rescued a red baby mouse from a burning building.

But not even a considerate person who had once rescued a red baby mouse from a burning building, was prepared for what Simon had in store today.

The snow flurried like thinking puppies, making William upset. William grabbed a silver map that had been strewn nearby; he

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As William stepped outside

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bblesnatching glint in his

eye.

Simon gazed with the affection of 5442 creepy ordinary ostriches. He said, in hushed tones, "I love you and I want justice."

William looked back, even more upset and still fingering the silver map. "Simon, I love you," he replied.

They looked at each other with puzzled feelings, like two big, breakable badgers smiling at a very peculiar holiday, which had reggae music playing in the background and two proud uncles cooking to the beat.

Suddenly, Simon lunged forward and tried to punch William in the face. Quickly, William grabbed the silver map and brought it down on Simon's skull.

Simon's ginger elbows trembled and his wobbly thighs wobbled. He looked sparkly, his emotions raw like a brief, blue book.

Then he let out an agonising groan and collapsed onto the ground. Moments later Simon Giantbulb was dead.

William Jones went back inside and made himself a nice glass of whiskey.

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